RESEARCH.

Sightseers at the New Library

Already New York is Making Itself at Home There

overcome can appreciate this structure as it should be. On the Fifth avenue side there is not a large space between the entrance and the street and yet one gets a spacious impression by the utilization of the principle of repetition familiar to all art workers. Three balustrades lead the eye by imperceptible changes of size to a required perspective; even the 'attics' over the entrances by this echo rule give the impression of a height which does not really exist.

"In the rear the space reserved for the people in Bryant Park could not be taken, a municipal ordinance forbidding, but the Italian garden has made an artistic separation and the simplicity of the long window lines gives the dignity that carries out the idea of the whole; the approach on that side if not as spectacular to the æsthetic eye is even more convincing.

Leaving the architect you pursue your way, catching driftwood of conversation here and there."

A young woman who has lowered her parasol and raised her lorgnette the moment she has passed the threshold shrugs her horrified shoulders and comments to her male companion:

"What frightful acoustics."

"But they are not going to give grand opera," is the mild response.

"Looks like a cheerful tomb," says another.

"Pennsylvania Station," is the ready repartee of a third.

By a Homeric bust with a marble toga of colored marble, standing in one of the archways of the ground floor, a young woman in a tightly drawn hobble skirt swings the scarlet silk cords of her vanity bag.

"It's the most wonderful thing here," she comments, pointing to the close curled hair on the Græco-Roman head. She says it as one speaks who has no handicap of indecision to overcome.

"That head?" asks her companion, a near edition of her extravagant dressing.

"Yes, see the way the hair curls. They couldn't have had a marcel iron then."

Another woman with a library stoop to the shoulders and big, black rimmed spectacles has touched the bust lightly to see if the marble is painted and gazes aghast at the first speaker.

"Why should she come here?" she asks her companion with a notebook, who has already written a dozen pages in fine script, and the speaker trips away.

Later in the afternoon the bookworms who had special coigns of vantage at the Astor and Lenox come warily in. One shrugs his shoulders at the illuminated clock dial, another complains that the chairs make a noise and that the system of flashing the numbers of the reader's blanks by electric signals will never work properly. A third is convinced that the light green shades on the lamps placed at regular intervals along the reading tables will strain the eyes and a fourth rubs his fingers tentatively on the polished wood of the aforesaid tables and mutters "Humph!" at its smoothness, asking querulously, "Why not baize?"

They are offset by those who find nothing to find fault with—the great majority. One calls attention to the difficulty of obtaining the right contrast with wood and marble and praises the selection here. Another is loud in praise of the bronze, gold and red of the ceilings.

At the 5 o'clock tea hour the fashionable crowd comes in, strolls negligently about and views each other's toilets. It might be varnishing day at the Academy, so little attention is paid by it to the surroundings. One, however, ventures an expression of surprise to find so many men there and another laments the absence of alcoves for flirtations. "I always hated the stuffy old Astor, but there were niches, you know. You might just as well be at the corner of Broadway and Forty-second street as here—not a vestige of seclusion." One of the focal points of interest is the children's room in the basement, with entrance on Forty-second street. The walls are pale yellow, the floor red tiled and the bookcases of dark, polished wood. Tables and chairs with short legs are invitingly placed, flowers and vines are everywhere, daisies, dogwood, ivy and stalks of red gladioli.

Equally interesting to the sightseers are the rooms on the third floor, where the books, pictures, shells, minerals, objects of art bequeathed by R. L. Stuart to the Lenox Library are housed permanently. The crowd asks incessant questions of the curator as to the locations of the original Turners, the Reynolds, the famous Munkacsy's "Milton Dictating Paradise Lost," and expresses surprise that they have been public property so long.

THE CHILDREN'S CORNER.

ONE OF THE LOVE STORIES.

EDITIONS DE LUXE FROM FIFTH AVENUE.

The officials and the uniformed attendants at the new public library are so gentle in their treatment of the public, so eager to answer questions, so brimful of enthusiasm and figures that the Manhattanite accustomed to the curt reponses of officials stands aghast wondering if he is really in New York.

The doormen at the main entrances and at other vantage points are as soothing to the sight as to the ear. The uniform they wear is a bronze green with black garnitures. You overhear one of them say to the person following as he did to the one in advance: "There were 10,000, ma'am, the first day, 40,000 the next and it's kept up, ma'am, so we don't we can't tell yet whether it's all sightseeing or some readies." Further along at the left under the projection of the stairway another uniform takes your umbrella with Chesterfieldian grace and almost weeps in its folds when he tells you that all the pamphlets are out, that 75,000 were distributed yesterday before half past 1 and that the printer can't keep up with the orders.

You really don't need the pamphlet, for the statistical person is on hand and under foot. He is just waiting the opportunity to waylay you and inform you that the bookshelves placed end to end would reach from here to Philadelphia. He also tells you that there is a centre reference collection of over a million volumes and a circulation collection of [illegible]. He mentions casually the $9,000,000 that the library cost, the seats for 1,500 readers in the several reading rooms and the cubical contents as being approximately 10,380,000 cubic feet.

The mathematical exactness of the structure is called to your attention by an architect, who first of all refers to the restful influence of the long, perpendicular lines of the building, particularly noticeable in the mullioned windows of the rear fronting the Italian enclosure.

"Only those," continues this authority, "who understand the difficulties to be overcome can appreciate this structure as it should be. On the Fifth avenue side there is not a large space between the entrance and the street and yet one gets a spacious impression by the utilization of the principle of repetition familiar to all art workers. Three balustrades lead the eye by imperceptible changes of size to a required perspective; even the 'attics' over the entrances by this echo rule give the impression of a height which does not really exist.

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EVEN A BOOKWORM WILL TURN.

Summer Folks Who Live Away But Trade Here

A few years ago folks with summer homes far from New York depended mostly on local dealers for supplies. Now occupants of camp or bungalow eighteen or more hours from Fifth avenue may and do sit down to practically the same dinner they would sit down to in their city homes. The mail orders on file at some markets cover nearly all the popular Eastern resorts. A small percentage come from Maine, the majority from places fifty to 150 miles away, the smaller retail dealers seldom handling orders going further than 100 miles.

Almost without exception, a dealer said, New Yorkers with a country home within seventy miles of New York continue their buying town to order meats, poultry, game and fruits from the city, and he added that at least 50 per cent. of his customers who left town in summer [illegible]. Said he:

"The customers in Massachusetts within comparatively near the Boston [illegible] which some folks think beat New York markets, and I have customers in Connecticut and in New York State not far from markets with first class products. But they will trade with any but the dealer they know. New Yorkers are particular about this. Where they are in question rain in the country has little to take chances. Hard to please at the table, New Yorker is pleased with the very finest. [illegible] he goes to the country he goes too far [illegible] I have a customer who [illegible] order to tell me that he would come a place from Portland for the week if I would supply him [illegible] a good market.' I suggested. 'Do you suppose I am going to give me what I am [illegible] waiting he is about the delightful myself. I [illegible] her and but the New York always fill his order promising to send as [illegible] took with the express [illegible] the way [illegible] their wave [illegible] I can't orders the market [illegible] carefully worked [illegible] of this system we are not obliged to use any ice at all in transmitting orders. In fact we have better results than if we used ice."

The dealer, for example, has the time of departure of trains and of the arrival of the expressmen who take goods to these several trains carefully tabulated for the benefit of employees and to the minute a memorandum is made of the departure of a hamper or box and by whom it was taken. Therefore if a consignment goes astray it is easily traced.

"Here," said the dealer, "expressmen call at 6, 8, 11 and 1 o'clock for our private orders going by rail, giving themselves barely time to make the trains. There must be no waits, no exposure of boxes to the sun.

"Going to points fifty miles or so from New York, we use ordinary wooden boxes instead of hampers, wrapping the meat or poultry in heavy paraffin paper before packing it in the centre of the box, with a solid layer of ice on either side. Between the ice and the box is a heavy paper lining. Travelling in an ordinary express car this box will be cool and in good condition at the end of half a dozen hours."

Other dealers use wooden boxes only for comparatively short distances, substituting for longer trips wicker hampers lined with galvanized iron, and to make assurance doubly sure their own wagons deliver these to the express car a few minutes before train time. When the hamper is going far a tin box filled with ice is put in the middle and the produce packed around it.

Perhaps the most up to date method of all is used by an uptown meat dealer. At the height of the season between four hundred and five hundred orders bound for the country leave this store every day, some going on eighteen or twenty hour trips, and with a few exceptions, as when some especially perishable edible is included, none is packed in ice. But this is not the only point in which this dealer's method differs from others. All the out of town orders go out at night, or rather between 12 and 2 o'clock in the morning. Even in the hottest weather the men who pack these orders in wicker hampers lined with galvanized iron and pretty nearly airtight must wear heavy woollen clothing under their white linen suits, the great [illegible] where the work is done and from which a wide chute carries the hampers down to the trucks being only a degree or two less cold than the huge ice boxes.

For this reason the meat and poultry continue to be thoroughly chilled even while being prepared for packing and when it goes into the hampers wrapped in heavy paraffin paper it is as cold as when it left the refrigerator. So far it has come in contact with no heated air at all and no order goes to the waiting trucks till the last minute.

Despatched by night trains, the orders are usually a long way on their journey before sunrise. "All summer long," said the manager, "we have to keep a set of night workers on hand, and as a result of this system we are not obliged to use any ice at all in transmitting orders. In fact we have better results than if we used ice."

Exit the Maid of All Work

Few General Houseworkers Now to Be Hired in New York

One of the old established forms of domestic service has almost entirely disappeared in New York. The so-called general houseworker, the maid of all work, is to be hired in this city only with difficulty. Most of the first class employment agencies declare, not without a trace of scorn, that they do not have any applicants for work of this class.

"Think of a woman telling me that!" said a recent visitor at one of the agencies that deal in Scandinavian servants. "And in that same place I have in the past engaged very good general houseworkers. I mean by general houseworkers women who do ever thing for a small family.

"We are only two in the family and there is no laundry; so practically all that a servant has to do is to cook and clean the house for two persons. This work in a seven room flat when combined even with a certain skill in waiting on the table is not excessive to demand of a woman to whom I pay $30 a month.

"The old time general houseworker used to be able to cook, to wait on the table and moreover she put on a black dress and a cap before she came into the dining room for this purpose and to keep an apartment clean. She was glad to get her $30 a month, for there was a time when $5 less was the usual pay.

"The general houseworker that one may now engage is a new arrival in the city who is putting in her time trying to learn the language. She is also acquiring the rudiments of her work. She can neither cook nor clean. The present standard of cooking with the general houseworker is to be able to boil a potato and broil a steak to a cinder. Her present standard of service is to be able to put this food on the table after she has placed a few knives and forks there at sixes and sevens.

"Then she expects to have this food eaten at an hour to suit her convenience and with absolute lack of ceremony. Let the housekeeper attempt such luxuries as courses or finger bowls, such extras as hors d'œuvres and salad and the houseworker will rebel at the additional work.

"If the general houseworker shows an adaptability for cooking and her mistress knows enough to teach her, she may decide to become a cook and whether she is a laundress or a chambermaid is determined in the same way. It is certain that she will under no circumstances remain a general houseworker after she has learned the language."

"The only way that a woman can expect to get along with one servant nowadays even if there are only her and her husband to be cared for," said a young wife who had been through all the troubles of training servants and then having them depart for other occupations, "is to take upon herself a large share of the housework. She must dust the sitting room, set the table, look after the silver or have somebody else do it for the maid and must expect to help her in many ways. Thus it is possible to struggle along with a woman of this kind who may want from $25 to $35 a month.

"That also entails on the woman of the house the necessity of doing her own work on the Sundays and one week day that the girl will want to have to herself. This going out is very important if the maid is expected to remain. Some of the managers of the employment agencies say that it is the loneliness of working alone in a flat that makes it so difficult nowadays to get houseworkers. The latter cannot stand the long hours in a small kitchen with nobody to talk to."

The disappearance of the general houseworker has come at a time when she was particular necessary. Even in apartments that are rented for a sum which would suggest that their occupants probably wanted two servants, the rooms for the servants are so small that they accommodate two persons with great discomfort. That would seem to make the old fashioned general houseworker more indispensable than ever.

The foreign servants who come to this country with training are often general houseworkers by training. They are in the habit of working with families that keep only one servant. But there are few accomplished servants of any nationality coming to this country nowadays save the butlers, second men and valets that come from England.

Italian women servants who are highly accomplished rarely come to this country until they marry. Then they stay at home to keep house for their husbands. The unmarried Italian girls who come over here all go into factories. Americans that take apartments in Italy and keep house there always speak with enthusiasm of the Italian bonne à tout faire. But such servants never come to New York. Nor do French servants of the same kind.

"I thought I had a real French general houseworker," said a woman who had been searching for the kind of servant she had heard her friends tell about "when I engaged a comfortable looking French woman whose husband was a waiter in a restaurant. She said that she had so much time on her hands and no opportunity to keep house for him since he took all his meals in a hotel that she wanted a post as general houseworker.

"She was rather a fair cook, in that she could make good omelets and such luncheon dishes, but as a cordon bleu she was a scream. After a while we parted on very amicable terms, as she was taken ill and could not go out early enough in the morning to come to me. Of cleaning she had no idea. I did not even ask her to do laundry work, and it was evidently a great hardship for her to hand a few dishes about the table.

"Like all French servants she wanted to do the marketing and since it was impossible for her to do that she was constantly rushing out of the house at all times to buy a little of this or a little of that, as it occurred to her. But of the trained servant there was no trace.

"I heard afterward that she had been a chambermaid in a hotel at Nancy. Her husband would not take his meals at home because her cooking was so bad and in order to contribute to the fund they were raising with which to hurry back to France she decided to work out."

One of the explanations from the agencies as to the disappearance of the maids of all work is that the mistresses are no longer willing to train them. The managers of the employment agencies say that if the women who employ untrained servants were able to teach them what they are required to know in order to be good servants there would grow another supply of well trained household workers. The previous generation of servants of this kind were taught by women capable of doing themselves just what they wanted done or of describing how it should be done.

A Living From Three Acres.

From the Suburban Life.

There are few people who are able to make a good living from so small an amount of land as is Oliver R. Shearer, who lives at Hyde Park, a suburb of Reading, Pa. Mr. Shearer is two and one-half miles from the heart of the city, and raises vegetables and poultry.

His farm consists of a trifle over three acres, but there are only about two and one-half acres that are under actual cultivation. A little mountain stream tore one corner of the place to pieces so badly that it cannot be cultivated.

The little farm produces about 10,000 heads of celery, 300 to 500 tomato plants, and anywhere from 3,000 to 7,000 each of lettuce, endive and beets. From five to ten bushels of onion sets are usually picked each year and yield a beautiful

The Handy Tugboat Skipper Shows His Skill

Fishing schooner lying alongside the north wharf in Fulton market slip with a flag flying in her rigging about a third of the way up from the rail to the masthead. To a stranger unfamiliar with water ways it looked like a flag flying at half mast, and he asked a man on the wharf what it was for.

"They want a tow," the man said, and then the stranger noticed that the flag was not union down, it was just set there, flying in the rigging, this, he learned, being the customary way of signalling when a tow is wanted. This schooner was about to start out on a fishing cruise and she was ready to get away.

And now here's a tugboat, sauntering up the river looking for business, looking for just such things, and when her skipper sees that flag set in the schooner's rigging he throws the tug's wheel over and comes into the slip smooth and easy and makes fast to the schooner alongside.

As the schooner is lying at the wharf she has her head up the slip, toward the bulkhead; but the tug has tied to her just the reverse of that, with her bow toward the schooner's stern, and this may be surprising to the stranger. What is the towboat skipper going to do, he wonders. Is he going to tow the schooner stern first? And the answer to that is that he is going to tow her that way at the start. He could have lashed to her with his bow in the same direction as the schooner's and he could have turned her around in the slip and in all probability he would have accomplished this without the slightest mishap; but the schooner's long projecting bowsprit might have touched somewhere, and the same as to her long projecting main boom, and there was no need to take any risk; so he has tied up to her with his bow to the schooner's stern; he is going to take her out that way; and now the towboat skipper, looking calmly down from his pilot house, says to the men on the schooner: "Let go both ends," and two of the schooner's men cast off one her bow and the other her stern line at the same time and now she's all clear and the towboat's got her and now it starts with her, stern first, out of the slip.

As it happens there are coming down the river four or five small schooners under sail, sand schooners and other little freighters; and coming up there are two or three tree tugs, and there's a tug with a big barge lashed alongside and another tug with a couple of car floats, and mixed in with all these is one of the big ferry boats that carry complete passenger trains of cars between Mott Haven and Jersey City. Altogether there are in motion a dozen or fifteen craft of various sorts all practically massed at this moment in the river just abreast of the slip; and, of course, the tugboat skipper who is taking out the fishing schooner doesn't butt into this bunch.

When he has got clear of the slip he stops his engine and waits there a little for the bunch to separate; and then when the river is clear he starts up again and takes the schooner on out to about the middle of the river, where he swings her around gently and straightens her out with her bow down stream, and then there for a moment he halts her, the situation of the two as they now are causing you perhaps for a moment still more to wonder. Obviously down stream lies the direction in which the schooner wants to go, while lashed alongside at it still is the tug is now pointing square up the river.

But now, a moment later, you see the tug's bow swinging away clear of the schooner; the tug has cast off her bow line, that had been made fast aft on the schooner, and now the tug is swinging around in the river, but still hanging on to the line from her stern that is made fast on the schooner forward; and then the first thing you know you see the tug swing clear around ahead of the schooner, and headed now in the same direction; and now you see that line between them coming up out of the water and tautening as the tugboat starts ahead; and now they're off, on the way down the river, with the tug no longer lashed alongside but now out ahead, taking the schooner out on a towline.

"It was very nicely done," says the stranger who had wondered a little over the flag in the rigging.

"Every man knows his own trade best," said the other.

Women Farm Laborers.

From the Boston Globe.

One of the early morning sights in Boston is the small army of women farm laborers starting out for their day's work on the truck farms or gardens in the suburbs. They start early, they return late, but their season is short.

The sight of women working in the fields has come to be so common in the garden farming districts as to attract no special attention. Almost all of these women are Italians, the very picture of health, short and stumpy, straight backed and straight limbed, and they can handle a hoe or even a fork or spade with as much dexterity and effectiveness as the average man.

But when it comes to weeding these women seem to be in a class all by themselves. It is a picturesque sight to watch at a distance a group of these weeders at work, the thing the Irish won't do. She won't lay aside her bright colored finery. It seems as necessary to her happiness when she is on her knees weeding onions or breaking her back crushing potato bugs as it is when she is gossiping on her back stoop or celebrating a holiday.